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# BLACK

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# HOOD

*comics*

IS THE  
**BLACK HOOD EXPOSED**





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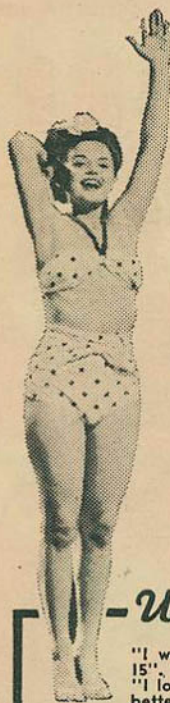
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# THE *Black Hood*

## VERSUS NEEDLENOODLE



IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER..

AND I'M TELLING YOU, SERGEANT, IT'S THE **BLACK HOOD** I WANT.. NOT EXUSES!

B..BUT.. COMMISH...

NO BUTS, SERGEANT, MC. GINTY! EITHER YOU BRING HIM IN, OR IT'LL MEAN **YOUR STRIPES!**

WHEW!

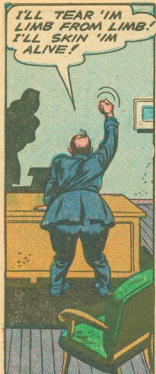
BACK AT THE POLICE STATION!

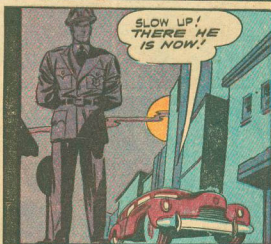
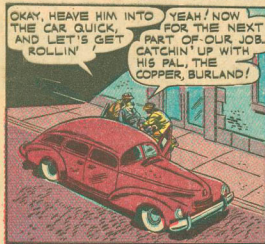
AND HE SAID, IF I DON'T CATCH THE **BLACK HOOD**, HE'LL HAVE ME POUNDIN' PAVEMENTS!

WHY, MC. GINTY, IF YOU **REALLY** WANTED TO, YOU COULD REACH RIGHT OUT AND **TOUCH** THE **BLACK HOOD** THIS VERY MOMENT!

ARE YOU TRYIN' TO BE FUNNY?!

BY GEORGE.. I'LL GET 'EM IF IT'S THE **LAST** THING I DO! I'LL SHOW 'EM!











SOMEHOW I HAVE A QUEER FEELING THAT TRAIL WAS **DELIBERATELY** LEFT FOR ME TO FOLLOW!



HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, COPPER! **REACH!**



WALK STRAIGHT AHEAD CHUMP.. WE GOT JUST WHAT YOU WANT INSIDE!



THERE'S YER PAL SLEEPIN' NICE AN' COSY! THE BOSS FIGURED YOU'D FOLLOW WHEN YOU SAW US TAKIN' HIM FOR A RIDE!



THEN WHY'D YOU TRY TO KNOCK ME OFF IF YOU WANTED ME TO TRAIL YOU?

PRETTY SMART, JUST WHO IS YOUR BOSS?

**HAW! HAW!** THEM BULLETS WAS **BLANK!** ANOTHER ONE OF THE BOSS'S CUTE IDEAS!



HERE I AM PATROLMAN BURLAND! **NEEDLENOODLE!** AT YOUR SERVICE!

**NEEDLENOODLE!** WOW! TALK ABOUT CHARACTERS!



JUST WHAT IS YOUR GAME, NEEDLENOODLE?

VERY SIMPLE, BURLAND! MERELY TO TAKE OVER THE RACKET'S IN NORTHVILLE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO COULD POSSIBLY STOP ME... THE **BLACK HOOD!** SO I DECIDED TO FIND OUT JUST WHO THE HOOD IS AND GET RID OF HIM! THAT'S WHY I LURED YOU HERE!



WHEREVER THE HOOD APPEARS, YOU, BURLAND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO POP UP! SO, EITHER YOU'RE THE HOOD OR YOU KNOW WHO HE IS!

PRETTY SMART, AND SUPPOSING I DON'T TELL YOU!



YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE, BURLAND! EITHER YOU TALK, OR YOUR FRIEND DIES... AND YOU WITH HIM!



YOU DIRTY MURDERING RAT! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!



WHAT A SPOT! NEEDLENOODLE MEANS BUSINESS! ONCE THE **BLACK HOOD'S** EXPOSED, HE'S THROUGH! AND YET I CAN'T LET HIM KILL MAC! I CAN'T!



THE **BLACK HOOD!** THEN I WAS RIGHT!

YES, NEEDLENOODLE! YOU WIN!!





BUT I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS!

OW.. HEY!



HE SLAMMED THAT GUN BUTT RIGHT IN MY FACE!



GONE! HE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY, FOR HIMSELF.. AND A MONKEY OUT OF ME!



POOR MAC... HE'S BEEN OUT COLD FOR A LONG TIME! I'D BETTER UNTIE HIM.. OH, OH.. HE'S GOMIN' TO NOW!

OOOH.. OH ME HEAD!



WHAT HAPPENED? OH, OH.. HELLO, HOOD! SAY, WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHO ARE THESE GUYS!

OH, NOTHING MUCH A COUPLE OF CHARACTERS PULLED A SNATCH JOB ON YOU AND WERE ABOUT TO ELIMINATE YOU..

..WHEN I HAPPENED  
ALONG AND KIND  
OF PUT THOSE  
IDEAS OUT OF  
THEIR HEAD!

GEE, THANKS,  
HOOD! WHY  
THE DIRTY  
BUMS!

WELL, I GUESS YOU CAN  
TAKE OVER NOW, SO  
I'LL JUST RUN ALONG!

SURE, I KIN  
HANDLE 'EM  
MESELF NOW!  
YOU RUN ALONG,  
HOOD!



LATER THAT NIGHT AT THE  
BLACK HOOD'S APARTMENT..

WELL, BY TOMORROW, THE NEWS WILL  
BE ALL OVER TOWN, THAT KIP BURLAND  
IS THE BLACK HOOD! NEEDLE.

NOODLE WILL  
SEE TO THAT!



ANYWAY THAT SOLVES  
ONE PROBLEM! NOW I CAN  
SAVE MC GINTY'S JOB!  
AS LONG AS I'M GOING  
TO BE EXPOSED MAC'S  
GOING TO BE THE  
ONE TO DO IT!



FIRST TO WAKE  
THE SARGE OUT  
OF HIS SWEET  
DREAMS!



AT THIS MOMENT, LET US LOOK IN ON  
MC GINTY'S SWEET DREAMS..





YI! HALP!  
HE'S GOT ME!  
WH. WHAT--  
HUH?



WHEW! IT WAS  
ONLY THE PHONE..  
WHAT A RELIEF!



HELLO-- WHAT? WHERE?  
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S  
OFFICE? ARE YOU SURE?  
HEY.. WHO IS THIS?  
HE HUNG UP!

CLICK!



WOW! IF THAT TIP  
WUZ TRUE..



..I'LL HAVE THE HOOD  
ON ICE IN ABOUT TEN  
MINUTES! AND THIS TIME  
HE WON'T SLIP  
AWAY!

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE HOUSE  
OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER..



HELLO.. WHAT? MC. GINTY  
CAPTURED THE BLACK HOOD  
IN MY OFFICE-- INCREDIBLE!  
SAY.. WHO IS  
THIS?



HUNG UP ON ME.. WELL, I'LL SOON  
FIND OUT WHETHER IT'S TRUE OR  
NOT! I'LL GO DOWN TO MY OFFICE  
RIGHT NOW!

(PUFF, PUFF) THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE AT LAST! AND SOMEONE'S IN IT, ALL RIGHT!



MC. GINTY'S FOOT CATCHES IN THE RUG--



LET ME HELP YOU UP, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

Oooo... I'M BLIND! I CAN'T SEE A THING!



ULP... IT'S TRUE! MC. GINTY CAPTURED THE BLACK HOOD!



GOOD WORK, SARGE! YOU FOUGHT HIM TO A STANDSTILL!

HULP--I DID? ER... AH... THAT IS... ULP... I DID!



AND NOW, MR. BLACK HOOD, WE'LL FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE!



WELL, I'LL BE! KIP BURLAND!







MY BEST FRIEND!  
MY PAL! HOW COULD  
YOU DO THIS TO ME!  
WORKIN' WITH THE  
CROOKS ALL THE  
TIME YOU WERE  
A COP!

NO, MAC, YOU'RE  
DEAD WRONG! THE  
**BLACK HOOD**  
WORKED AGAINST  
THE CROOKS,  
AT ALL TIMES!



THAT'S RIGHT, SARGE, **THAT HE DID!**  
THAT'S NOT WHY I WANTED THE  
HOOD CAUGHT! I WANTED TO  
ASK HIM TO WORK FOR THE  
NORTHVILLE POLICE  
**OFFICIALLY!**

THANKS  
A LOT,  
COMMISSIONER!  
BUT I HAVE A  
**BETTER  
IDEA!**



A FEW WEEKS LATER..

SO.. THAT'S  
WHAT HE MEANT  
BY A **BETTER  
IDEA!**

MAYBE IT  
*IS* AT THAT!



WHAT'S THE IDEA BRANCHIN'  
OUT FER YERSELF,  
HOOD?

WELL, THIS WAY I  
DON'T HAVE TO  
CRAMP MY STYLE WITH  
RULES AND REGULATIONS,  
SARGE!



HOW ABOUT THAT  
**NEEDLENOODLE**  
CHARACTER.. DO YOU  
THINK YOU'LL **EVER**  
HAVE ANYMORE  
TROUBLE FROM  
HIM?



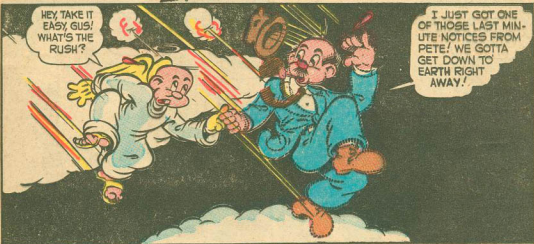
SOMETHING  
TELLS ME THAT  
I HAVEN'T SEEN  
THE **LAST** OF  
**NEEDLENOODLE**  
YET!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, HOOD! HOW  
RIGHT YOU ARE! YOU'RE GOING TO  
SEE A LOT OF **NEEDLENOODLE** YET..  
**TOO MUCH, PERHAPS..**

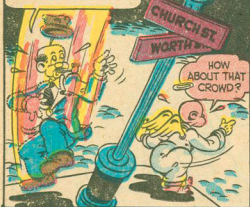
# GLOOMY GUS

AND HIS ANGELIC SIDEKICK  
GABBY

by  
"RED" HOLMIDALE



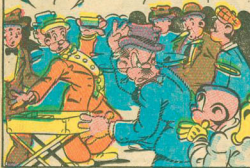
THIS IS WHERE PETE TOLD ME TO COME, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY STIFFS AROUND!



YES, FRIEND, IT'S ONLY A DIME-YOU CAN'T GO WRONG!

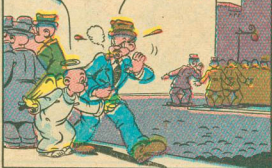
YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!

GULP. WRONG PITCH, HUH?

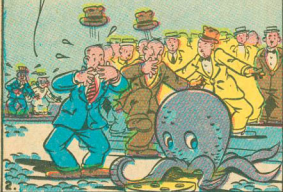


MAYBE WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK OVER THAT WAY, GUS!

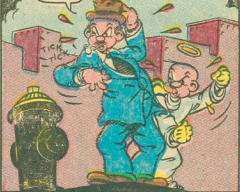
IXNAY-WON'T YOU EVER LEARN?

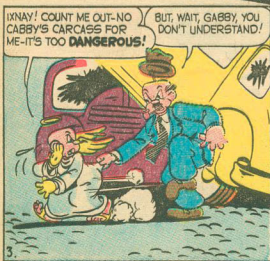
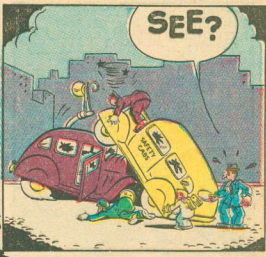
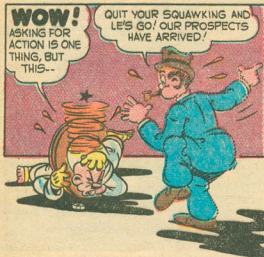
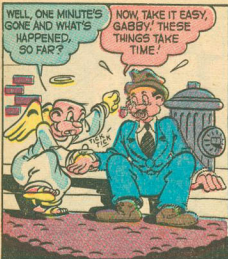


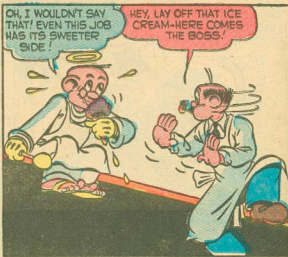
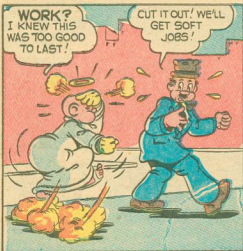
ANY SIMPLE THING WILL ATTRACT A CROWD IN THE CITY!

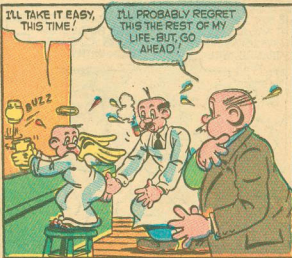
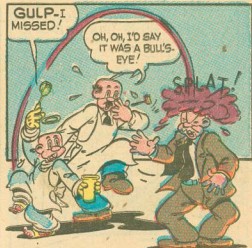
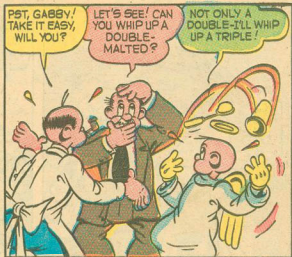


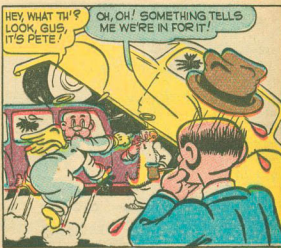
WE'VE STILL GOT A MINUTE AND A HALF, SO I'M NOT LEAVING THIS SPOT!











# THE GREEN BEARD

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

**T**HE killer came upon Professor Robert Woodley at the proper time—when every student had gone for the day. He entered the school through an open cellar window and moved silently through the darkened halls until he reached Woodley's room. Then he opened the door and shot Woodley three times in the back.

The killer was a very ordinary looking man—almost. He had on a plain grey business suit, a plain grey topcoat, and his shirt and tie were in very good taste. Yes, the killer was a very ordinary looking man, except for one thing.

*He wore a long green beard. . . .*

Gerald Lane, red-headed young professor of Mathematics at Woodley's college, told The Hood about it. He met The Hood by appointment, and in a taxicab which slowly wended its way through the city streets, he told The Hood the entire story.

"There's no doubt," said Lane, "that the murder was committed by either Jenkins, Keller, or myself. That's why I've asked you to investigate the murder. Each of us insists that he didn't do it—but one of us is lying. We want you to find the murderer and clear the other two.

"Wait a minute," said The Hood. "Let me get this straight. You say a police officer saw the murderer enter the cellar window?"

"Yes," said Lane, impatiently. "The murderer first caught the policeman's eye because he was wearing a green beard—fancy that, a green beard! The officer started toward the murderer, thinking he was a maniac or something like that . . . but before he got halfway down the block toward him, the murderer had popped into the school building through the cellar window."

"I see," said The Hood. "Then the policeman jumped into the building after the

green-bearded man, but lost him in the maze of rooms and stairways. Then, while he was looking around, he heard the shots coming from Woodley's room. Correct?"

"That's it," said Lane. "The officer followed the sound of the shots, and he arrived in Woodley's room just in time to see the killer, but lost him again in the maze of rooms. The school is fairly small, but an inexperienced man could get lost in it easily enough . . . so many stairways and rooms, you know." He paused for breath. "At any rate, the officer realized that he didn't stand much chance of locating the killer by himself, so he rushed downstairs, ascertained—luckily for him, I might add, there were people near the cellar window and the only entrance, at the front—ascertained that the killer hadn't escaped, and summoned more police. Then they searched the building, and found that only Keller, Jenkins and I were in the building. There was absolutely no one else there. Even the janitor had gone out some hours previous."

"I see," said The Hood, again. He seemed lost in thought.

"That's the set up," finished Lane. "All three of us had motives for killing Woodley. We were in the building at the time of the murder to collect our papers and belongings preparatory to leaving for good. Woodley had fired all of us because our political beliefs differed from his. . . ."

The Hood sighed. "Tell me," he said, "didn't you or Jenkins or Keller hear the sounds of the shots?"

"No," said Lane, decisively. "Our offices are located on the floor below. It would be physically impossible to hear the shots from where we were situated." He smiled, suddenly. "You'll note that I say our offices are located on the floor below. Since Woodley is dead, I'm quite sure that the new



school Dean will permit us to retain our positions."

"Very interesting," said The Hood. "Another question now, please. What were your next moves—you three? I mean, where would you have gone had Woodley lived and you'd been forced to leave the school?"

"Well," said Lane, "Jenkins and Keller were entering the Navy as technical officers. Jenkins is an Engineering expert; and Keller is a very competent Chemistry man." He chuckled. "You know, this murder is an especial break for me. I don't know where I would have gone from here. I tried to enter the service along with Jenkins and Keller—and my Math experience would have gained me a commission, but the doctors rejected me on one minor physical point."

The Hood's eyes had lit up. Very casually, he said, "Tell me one more thing, Lane. Do you drive a car?"

Lane looked at him narrowly. "No," he said. "My license was refused."

"Well!" said The Hood. "Was your license, too, refused on a minor physical point?"

Before Lane could answer the taxi ground to a halt. "Here we are," said Lane. "I live on the fifth floor. Jenkins and Keller are waiting for us."

The two men took the self-operating elevator up, and entered a wide living room. Jenkins and Keller rose to greet them.

"Sorry I took so long in arriving," said Lane, "but I had to explain the entire case to The Hood."

"And a very thorough job you did of it too, Mr. Lane," The Hood conceded. "Before I begin I want to ask one question." The Hood pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. "Gentlemen, I want to ask you the color of this handkerchief."

The Hood smiled grimly at the bewildered faces of the three men. "You first, Mr. Lane. What is the color of this handkerchief?"

"Uh . . . Why, it's uh . . . red," Lane stammered.

There was a split second of silence. And then Jenkins and Keller burst out, together,

"Lane, The Hood's handkerchief is——" They stopped together.

"Exactly," said The Hood. "My handkerchief is green. You understand now what I understood minutes ago. Lane killed Woodley!"

Lane said, "No!" once, his voice choked.

"Yes," said The Hood. "The green beard started me on the solution. The beard was obviously false . . . admitted. Now the reason a man would wear a false beard when about to commit a murder is obvious: for disguise purposes, of course. But why a green beard?"

He looked around him. "There are only two possible answers. One, the killer was insane . . . but the methodical manner in which the murder was committed discounts the possibility of insanity. Then how about the other possibility? The killer wore a green beard . . . because he was colorblind!"

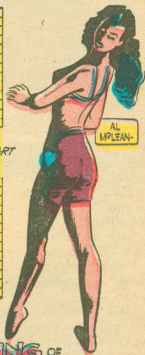
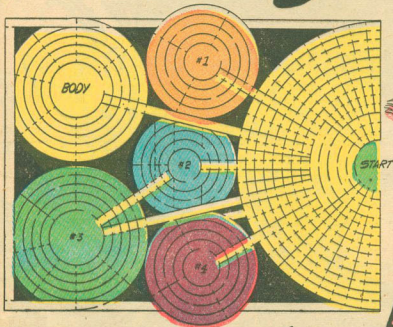
Lane cringed against the wall.

"Lane had a brilliant idea: he'd kill Woodley—but he'd do it from the outside, so that no suspicion would be thrown on him. He went into a masquerader's and selected a beard from the typical beard display you'll find in those shops. Lane has the most common form of colorblindness—where red seems green, and green seems red. So, Lane selected the green beard, and the masquerader, who is used to selling these for comic parties, sold it to him without comment. Then Lane, thinking he had bought a red beard to match his hair, proceeded to commit the murder. When he saw the policeman chasing him, he went to his office, and pretended to have been there all the time."

The Hood stopped speaking, and for a moment there was silence. Then Lane laughed, a short, bitter laugh. And as he laughed, he leaped . . . away from The Hood, right toward a nearby window. There was a splintering sound as he crashed through.

He was dead a minute after he hit the ground. His body was crushed, and blood was splattered all over the sidewalk—blood which, oddly enough, would have looked green to him, had he been alive to see it.

# Black HOOD PUZZLE PAGE



## THE KIDNAPPING OF VERA GUINEVERE DE LA VERE

VERA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED AND KIP BURLAND THINKS SHE MAY HAVE BEEN KILLED!

WHILE KIP IS RAPIDLY CHANGING INTO HIS BLACK HOOD COSTUME, TAKE YOUR PENCIL AND WHEN THE BLACK HOOD IS READY, MEET HIM WHERE IT SAYS "START"! THEN, TOGETHER, START LOOKING THRU THE MAZE FOR VERA!

IF YOU END UP AT NO. 1 CIRCLE -  
START OVER!

IF AT NO. 2 -  
YOU HAVE A STUPID PENCIL!

IF AT NO. 3 -  
LET YOUR LI'L BROTHER DO TH' PUZZLE!

IF AT NO. 4 -  
THE BLACK HOOD FIRMS YOU!

BUT-IF YOU FIND THE "BODY" CIRCLE, YOU WIN!  
AND THIS ENTITLES YOU TO EXTRA SOAP IN YOUR  
EYE WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR NEXT BATH !!!

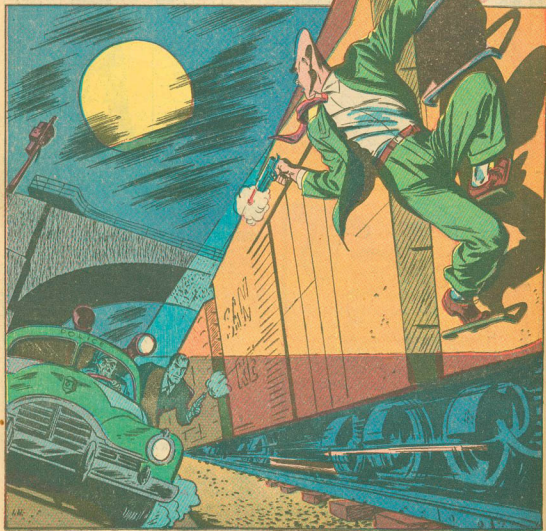
# ASCT

THERE ARE FOUR, AND FOUR ONLY, WORDS HIDDEN IN THE ABOVE SCRAMBLE! PUT ON YOUR DETECTIVE SUIT AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRACK DOWN THE FOUR WORDS!!

1	+	L	N	C	A	D	S
2	+	L	M	B	A	T	S
3	+	L	M	B	A	T	S
4	+	L	M	B	A	T	S

# THE *Black Hood*

IN  
NEEDLENOODLE  
STRIKES BACK





WELL, KIP, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF?

IT'D FEEL A LOT BETTER, IF I HAD **SOME** BUSINESS, BABS!



YES, SO FAR IT'S NOTHING BUT BILLS! SAY... **HERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING!**

WHAT IS IT?



A PUNCH BOARD! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET RID OF ALL THE CHANCES AT TEN CENTS A PUNCH, AND I GET A CANDID CAMERA **FREE!** HOW'S THAT FOR A BIG DEAL?

WELL, IT'S A START! AS A PRIVATE DETECTIVE, IT'LL BE GOOD PRACTICE TO HUNT DOWN SOME CUSTOMERS!



HERE, I'LL PASS THIS GENEROUS OFFER TO YOU!

NO THANKS, YOU BETTER KEEP IT! IF YOU DON'T HURRY UP AND GET SOME CLIENTS SOON, YOU MAY NEED IT!



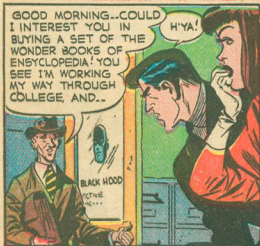
NICE CHEERFUL GIRL!

KIP, WHY DON'T YOU HIRE ME AS YOUR SECRETARY?



ARE YOU **CRAZY?** WHAT WOULD I PAY YOU WITH... **BOTTLETOPS?** AND BESIDES, YOU ALREADY HAVE A JOB... AS A REPORTER!

YOU MEAN I HAD ONE! I QUIT YESTERDAY!





WHY YOU, DIRTY... GET MC. GINTY ON THE PHONE, BABS!



COME NOW, HOOD, ALL I DID WAS, EXPOSE YOU THE POLICE WOULD! HARDLY CONSIDER THAT A CRIME! WHY MC. GINTY DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT WAS I WHO KIDNAPPED HIM!

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



GOOD! NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

BUSINESS? DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'RE ALSO TRYING TO WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE!



NOT QUITE! ALL I'M DOING IS SELLING BONDS!

PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE BONDS TOO! AND BECAUSE OF THE HIGH VALUE OF THESE BONDS, I WISH TO RETAIN YOUR SERVICES AS A BODY GUARD!



LEGITIMATE, MY EYE!  
THOSE BONDS ARE PROBABLY  
AS PHONY AS YOU ARE!

THAT'S WHAT I  
LIKE ABOUT YOU,  
HOOD.. ALWAYS  
READY TO  
INDULGE IN A  
FEW PLEASANT-  
RIES! HERE,  
LOOK THEM  
OVER YOURSELF!

HMMMMM... THESE  
BONDS ARE GENUINE  
ALRIGHT!

NEEDLENOODLE'S UP TO  
SOMETHING! I WONDER  
WHAT IT IS! THE ONLY  
WAY TO FIND OUT IS, TO  
PLAY BALL WITH HIM!

OKAY, BABS!  
GET TO  
WORK!

HUH..  
WORK..  
WHY.. WHA...

WELL, I'VE GOT A  
GOOD PAYING CLIENT,  
AND I'LL REALLY NEED  
A SECRETARY NOW!  
SO THE JOB'S  
YOURS!

OH!

THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK,  
HOOD! NO CHILDISH FEELINGS  
ABOUT THE...ER... PAST!  
NOW IF YOU'RE READY,  
LET'S GO!



SO LONG, BABS!  
TAKE OFF YOUR  
HAT, AND MAKE  
YOURSELF  
COMFORTABLE!



HMPH! THAT'S A SNAZZY  
CAR YOU'VE GOT, NEEDLE.  
NOODLE! BUSINESS MUST  
BE GOOD!

YES INDEED, HOOD!  
BUSINESS IS  
EXCELLENT,  
HA, HA, HA!



OKAY, "BOSS" WHERE  
DO WE GO FROM  
HERE?

TO SEE  
A VERY  
IMPORTANT  
CLIENT!



THE WATERFRONT  
IS PRETTY ROUGH  
NEIGHBORHOOD FOR  
BOND BUYERS!

THAT IS PRECISELY  
WHY I HIRED YOU  
FOR, PROTECTION!



LOOK, NEEDLENOODLE, LET'S  
STOP PLAYING AROUND! I KNOW  
YOU'RE UP TO NO GOOD, AND  
YOU KNOW IT!

TSK, TSK... SUCH A  
SUSPICIOUS NATURE,  
HOOD! VERY WELL,  
YOU SHALL KNOW  
RIGHT NOW WHAT  
I'M UP TO!





**HA, HA...HE FOUND OUT! SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, EH, PORK PIE?**



**HE SURE DID NEEDLENOODLE! HAW, HAW! I'LL LOAD HIM INTO THE CAR!**

**HERE'S THE DICK'S GAT, BOSS!**

**THANKS, PORK PIE!**

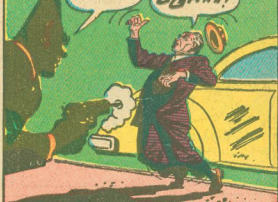


**OKAY, HE'S IN! NOW WHERE'S MY PAY OFF, NEEDLENOODLE?**



**HERE IT IS, STUPID!**

**NEEDLENOODLE... DON'T...! UGH!!!**



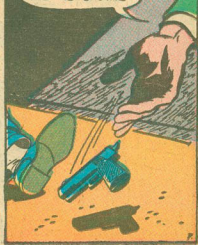
**YOU WEREN'T AWARE THAT YOU WERE FIGURED IN MY LITTLE PLOT, WERE YOU, PORK PIE?**

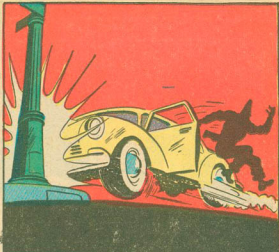


**FIRST TO SPRINKLE THEM WITH WHISKEY!**



**THEN TO PLANT THE AUTOMATIC!**





IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE! WITH ALL THIS EVIDENCE STACKED AGAINST YOU! WE COULD THROW THE BOOK AT YOU!



THE *ONLY* EVIDENCE IN YOUR FAVOR WOULD BE BARBARA SUTTON'S STORY!

*BABS!* HOLY JOE! NEEDLEMOODLE'S SURE TO TRY AND GET AT HER! I'VE GOT TO GET THERE FIRST!



WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU UNTIL-- UGH--

SORRY, GENTLEMEN! I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW!



HE'S MAKING FOR THE WINDOW! STOP HIM, MC. GINTY!

HOW CAN I WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ON MY NECK!

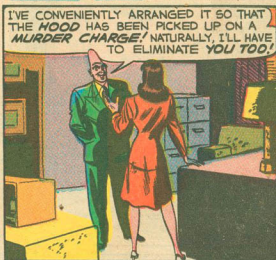


THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME... THIS IS MY *ONLY* CHANCE OF CLEARING MYSELF AND BRINGING THAT KILLER TO JUSTICE!



BLAST YOU HOOD! COME BACK HERE!







THIS CHANGES MY PLANS SOMEWHAT! NOW I SHALL BE FORCED TO TAKE YOU WITH ME!

THE HOOD'LL HUNT YOU DOWN WHEREVER YOU HIDE, NEEDLE-NOODLE!



I HARDLY THINK SO! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE MY HIDE OUT IS, EVEN THOUGH IT'S PRACTICALLY UNDER HIS NOSE!

HMMM... IF I ONLY COULD...



WALK, AND DON'T TRY TO MAKE A BREAK! I CAN SHOOT FASTER THAN YOU CAN RUN!

O.K. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRAW PICTURES FOR ME!



A SHORT WHILE AFTER...

THE DOOR IS OPEN! SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M TOO LATE!



@\*!#%?! I AM!

SAY! WHAT'S *THAT!* I THOUGHT I  
TOSSED THIS PUNCH BOARD  
INTO THE WASTE BASKET..

HMMM-- SOMEONE HAS PUNCHED  
OUT ALL THE RED DISCS TOO.. BUT  
THEY'RE NOT AROUND ANYWHERE..  
I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE  
HAPPENED TO THEM!

HELLO, HERE'S  
ONE, RIGHT  
NEAR THE  
DOOR!

OF COURSE.. I GET IT! BABS  
MUST HAVE DROPPED THESE  
DISCS AS A *TRAIL* FOR  
ME TO FOLLOW! LET'S SEE  
IF THERE ARE ANY MORE  
OUT IN THE HALL!

I WAS RIGHT! HERE'S ANOTHER  
ONE BY THESE FIRE STEPS! THAT  
MEANS *NEEDLENOODLE* TOOK  
HER OUT THE BACK WAY, RATHER  
THAN RISK USING THE  
ELEVATOR!

THE BLACK HOOD EASILY PICKS UP THE TRAIL,  
WHICH LEADS HIM THROUGH THE BLACK ALLEYS  
TO A BUILDING IN THE NEXT BLOCK..

BLACK HOOD'S  
BUILDING--  
TRAIL BEGINS  
HERE..

TRAIL ENDS HERE

WELL I'LL BE.. THIS GUY'S BEEN OPERATING JUST A BLOCK AWAY FROM MY OFFICE !



MEANWHILE..

AND NOW MY DEAR.. WE'LL JUST WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



PLENTY'S GONNA HAPPEN, NEEDLENOODLE. AND ALL TO YOU!



THE HOOD!



O.K. BROTHER! YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING TO YOU FOR A LONG TIME!

NOW, NOW, HOOD! DON'T BE TOO IMPULSIVE! JUST LOOK BEHIND YOU!



HUH?

SURPRISED, AREN'T YOU? YOU SEE I WAS QUITE PREPARED FOR YOU!



YOUR LADY FRIEND WAS CLEVER! BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! I SAW HER DROP THOSE DISCS! I KNEW YOU'D BE SMART ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE TRAIL AND FOLLOW US HERE..AND YOU DID!



THE WAY THINGS STAND NOW, IT COULDN'T BE MORE PERFECT, IF I PLANNED IT MYSELF! YOU'RE A WANTED MAN, HOOD! IN FACT THERE'S EVEN A **REWARD** ON YOUR HEAD! SO NATURALLY, BEING A LAW ABIDING CITIZEN, I SHALL BE **FORCED TO TURN YOU IN--**

**HA, HA, HA..**



ISN'T THAT THE FUNNIEST THING YOU EVER HEARD OF, HOOD! **FIRST I FRAME YOU, THEN I COLLECT A REWARD** FOR CAPTURING YOU.. **HO-HO-HO-HO...** A STROKE OF GENIUS.. IF I DO SAY SO, MYSELF!

GENIUS! MY EYE!  
YOU'RE A DIRTY  
SADISTIC KILLER!



I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED NAMES, HOOD!



HE'S OUT COLD, AND BLEEDING! **SPLENDID!** THE COPS'LL THINK HE WAS HURT DURING CAPTURE!



I'M GOING AFTER THE POLICE ZIGGY, HIDE THE GIRL, AND THEN STAND WATCH OVER THE HOOD!



A SHORT WHILE LATER..

YOU SAY YOU'VE CAPTURED THE **BLACK HOOD!**

I THINK HE'S LYIN' COMMISSIONER!

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO PROVE, GENTLEMEN! JUST FOLLOW ME!









ZIGGY IS OUT LIKE A LIGHT.. NOW TO TURN MY CHAIR OVER NEAR THAT KNIFE!



GOOD! I GOT THE HANDLE WEDGED INTO THE FLOOR CRACK! NOW TO START SAWING!



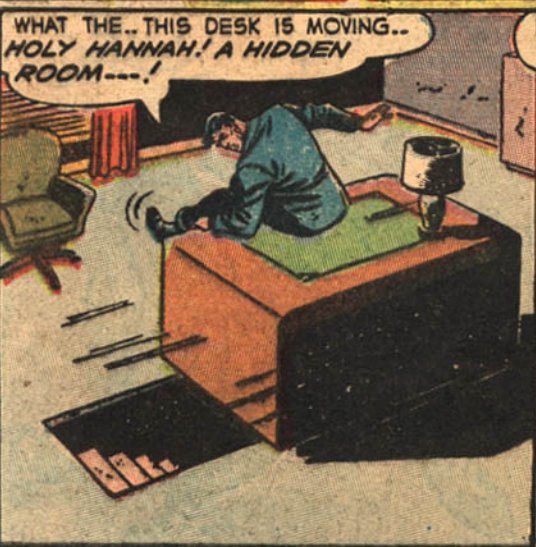
WHEW! THAT DOES IT! GOTTA WORK FAST!



THANKS FOR THE ARTILLERY ZIGGY.. NOW TO LOCATE BABS!



I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, AND CAN'T FIND HER.. I WONDER WHERE..



WHAT THE.. THIS DESK IS MOVING.. HOLY HANNAH! A HIDDEN ROOM---



BARBARA MUST BE DOWN THERE AND SOMEONE ELSE! JUDGING FROM THE NOISES I HEAR..



AS SOON AS I RELEASE YOU, YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S WHAT HERE!



SO THAT'S NEEDLENOODLE'S GAME..USING THESE PRESSES TO PRINT COUNTERFEIT BONDS! WELL..WHEN THE POLICE GET HERE WE'LL FIX HIS WAGON--BUT GOOD!



HERE WE ARE GENTLEMEN! YOU MAY AS WELL TURN THE MONEY OVER TO ME RIGHT NOW!



I GIVE YOU THE **BLACK.. HOW.. WHA..**

HELLO, NEEDLENOODLE! YOU KEPT ME WAITING A LONG TIME!



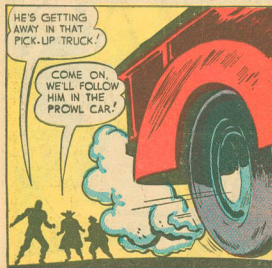
COMMISSIONER, THIS IS THE GUY WHO COMMITTED THAT MURDER, NOT THE HOOD! NEEDLENOODLE WANTED HIM OUT OF THE WAY, SO HE COULD OPERATE HIS **COUNTERFEIT BOND** RACKET WITHOUT HAVING THE HOOD ON HIS NECK! AND WE'VE GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT!



THAT'S RIGHT, GENTS! STEP THIS WAY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

**THE BLACK HOOD!**





HE'S HEADING FOR  
THE RAILROAD  
YARD!

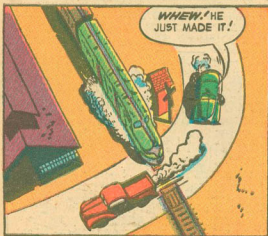


THE CRAZY FOOL!  
HE'S TRYING TO BEAT  
THAT TRAIN TO THE  
CROSSING!

IF HE DOES  
WE'LL LOSE  
HIM!



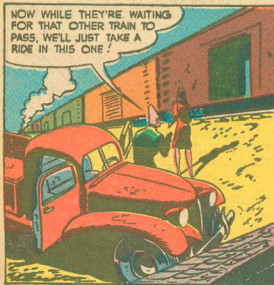
WHEW! HE  
JUST MADE IT!



HANG IT ALL!  
NOW WE'LL HAVE  
TO WAIT FOR  
THIS FREIGHT  
TO PASS!



NOW WHILE THEY'RE WAITING  
FOR THAT OTHER TRAIN  
TO PASS, WE'LL JUST TAKE A  
RIDE IN THIS ONE!



GET INSIDE! AND DON'T TRY ANY PUNNY  
STUFF! I HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT  
KILLING A PRETTY GIRL!





WHEW! I THOUGHT THAT FREIGHT WOULD NEVER PASS! STEP ON IT, MAC! THAT WAS A SLOW TRUCK HE WAS DRIVING! WE CAN STILL OVERHAUL HIM!



LOOK! HE'S HOPPED INTO ANOTHER TRAIN AND HE'S GOT BABS WITH HIM!



COME DOWN OUT OF THERE, NEEDLENOODLE! YOUR GAME'S UP!



NOT QUITE, HOOD! I'VE GOT ONE MORE TRUMP CARD! HERE SHE IS!



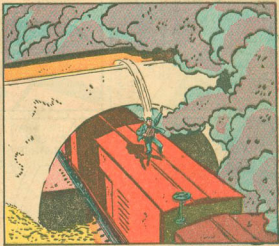
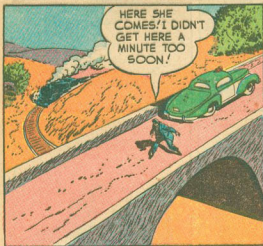
HOW'S SHE, HOOD?

I DON'T KNOW, COMMISSIONER! THAT TRAIN WAS MOVING PRETTY FAST WHEN HE PUSHED HER!

YOU DIRTY KILLER, WE'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!



YOU GET HER TO A HOSPITAL! I'M GOING AFTER THAT RAT!









I'M GETTING OFF THIS TRAIN WHILE HE'S...

WATCH OUT FOR THAT WHEEL BRAKE, NEEDLENOODLE!



HUH?...UH!  
NO... O... NO...  
HELP ME!



A-H-A-G-G-H!

LATER... GOSH!  
I STOPPED THE TRAIN AS SOON AS I COULD!

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT ALTHOUGH YOU DID SAVE THE STATE SOME ELECTRIC CURRENT!

WELL THAT'S THE END OF NEEDLENOODLE, COMMISSIONER! BETTER SEND FOR THE MEAT WAGON TO PICK UP THE BODY!



WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES! YOU CLEANED UP YOUR FIRST CASE! TOO BAD, THERE WASN'T A FEE IN IT FOR YOU!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! THE BONDING COMPANY SENT ME A ME A NICE FAT CHECK! NOW YOU NAME YOUR REWARD!

WELL, LET ME SEE..



NYLONS! NEEDLENOODLE MADE ME GET A RUN IN MY LAST PAIR!

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# The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



LOOK, JOE, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT RING, TOO

AW, COME ON LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE 'FAIR'!



HEY, SUGAR. WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT HUMAN SKELETON AND GET A REAL MAN!

SEE HERE, YOU BETTER SHUT UP OR I'LL ---



YOU'LL WHAT -- YOU POOR CHUMP

OH, JOE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND BE A MAN!



DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING--I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME!



GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!



ONE HAND IS AS GOOD AS TWO WHEN YOU'RE AN ATLAS CHAMP

THERE GOES THE BELL -- JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL



OUT OF THE WAY SMALL-FRY! MAKE WAY FOR A MAN!

O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE MORE THAN THAT--YOU'RE A HE-MAN NOW!



*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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